

SUMMER
ISSUE
No.12

10¢



THE



SPIRIT

THE FAMOUS OUTLAW WHO SMASHES
CRIME BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

OUTPOST

SPiRiT



Vaudeville starring **THE EYE**, Hypnotist--
and Feet Foster in 'TAP-HAPPY'!

LOOKS LIKE
A GOOD DAY
FOR A SHOW,
MIST' SPIRIT
BOSS!

HMM! LOOKS LIKE
SOME LIKELY CITIZENS
FEEL THE SAME WAY!
I'M GOING TO SEE
DOLAN!



At police headquarters...

NO, SENATOR, I HAVEN'T
CAUGHT UP WITH THE
SNEAK THIEVES YET!
YES, SENATOR! NO,
SENATOR! YES,
SENATOR!



ANOTHER
HEADACHE,
I SEE!

DON'T BOTHER
ME, SPIRIT!
THIS CRIME
WAVE IS
DRIVING ME
CRAZY!



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE DAY
OFF AND GO TO THE THEATRE?
SOME OF OUR MOST UNSAVORY
CHARACTERS ARE DOING
IT NOWADAYS!

LISTEN HERE,
SPIRIT, DO YOU
MEAN TO
INSINUATE...?
OH, WHAT'S
THE USE?!



I'M TELLING YOU SOMETHING!
I JUST SAW THE LOCK AND
HIS HOUSEBREAKING PAL,
BENNY, GO INTO THE
CENTRAL THEATRE!

SINCE
WHEN IS THAT
A CRIME? YOU'RE
SLIPPING, SPIRIT!
WE CAN'T ARREST
A MAN FOR
SEEING A
SHOW!



JUST SEEING A COUPLE OF
GUYS LIKE BENNY AND THE
LOCK SHOULD BE CASE
ENOUGH FOR ARREST! BUT
THEN YOU HAVE
THE LAW TO
CONSIDER!

YES, AND I
WISH YOU'D
CONSIDER IT
A LITTLE MORE!
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?



SINCE YOU WON'T
GO ALONG, I'LL
TAKE EBONY
TO THE SHOW!
TA-TA!

OF ALL
THE ZANY
IDEAS!



The Spirit





The Spirit



The Spirit

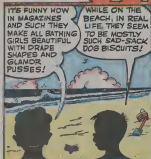




The Spirit

JONESY

By
DIB



WHILE ON THE BEACH, IN REAL LIFE, THEY SEEM TO BE MOSTLY SUCH SAD-SACK DOG BISCUITS!



THE SPIRIT

Police Commissioner Dolan has made
a SENSATIONAL DEDUCTION....

YES, ELLEN, I REALIZE
NOW WHY THE SPIRIT SO
OFTEN CATCHES ME FLAT-
FOOTED AND SOLVES
A CASE FIRST!

REALLY,
FATHER?

HE'S A FREE INVESTIGATOR---
I'M HAMPERED BY A TOP-
HEAVY, CUMBERSOME
POLICE DEPARTMENT THAT
MUST BE SUPERVISED!
WELL, TONIGHT I'VE
PUT MY FIRST
ASSISTANT
ON DUTY...

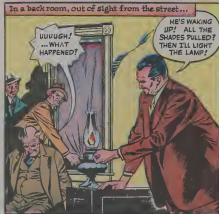
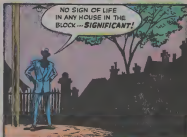
AND WHAT
ARE YOU
GOING TO
DO?

I'M GOING OUT
LONE-HANDED---LIKE
THE SPIRIT--- TO CLEAR
UP THE CASE OF THAT
MISSING UNDER-
TAKER!

The Spirit



The Spirit



YOU WERE GETTING CLOSE TO ME, DOLAN! — TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! SO I TOOK A DRUG THAT MADE ME **SEEM DEAD!** YOUR OWN POLICE DOCTOR CERTIFIED MY DEATH!

AND LYCROFT BURIED YOU!



LYCROFT TOOK A BIG BRIBE TO BURY AN **EMPTY COFFIN!** THEN HE TRIED TO BLACKMAIL ME, SO — **LOOK!**



HIYA, DOLAN! IT WAS ME THAT PHONED AND TIPPED YOU OFF TO FIND US! BECAUSE —

PLEASE, NOPEY, GIVE ME THE PLEASURE OF EXPLAINING!



I INTENDED TO LIE LOW AND EAT LIGHT FOR SIX MONTHS — GET THIN AND **UNRECOGNIZABLE!** THEN START OPERATING AGAIN!

BUT LYCROFT THREATENED TO SQUEAL, SO YOU GRABBED HIM! YOU DON'T DARE KILL HIM THOUGH — HIS BODY WOULD BE FOUND!



NEVER! WE'LL PUT HIM IN MY COFFIN! THE DIRT ON THE GRAVE IS FRESH — NOBODY WILL KNOW IT WAS DUG UP **TWICE!** AND, SINCE MY COFFIN'S **SO ROOMY** —

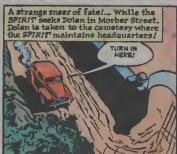
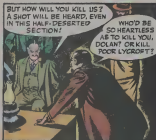


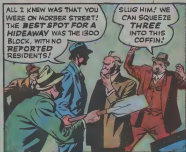
WE FIGURED TO LURE YOU INTO IT, TOO! YOU'VE BEEN MY CHIEF SOURCE OF TROUBLE — HOUNDING ME —

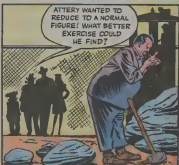
LET ME GO! I'LL SWEAT THIS BIG BLUBBER SACK DOWN TO A LIVING SKELETON!



The Spirit

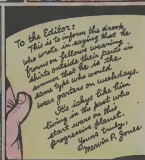
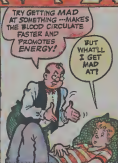






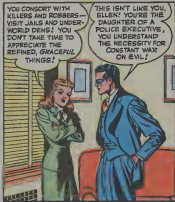
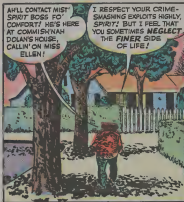
JONESY

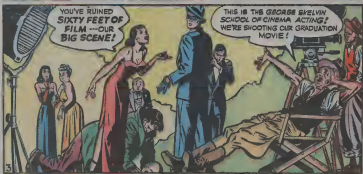
By DIB



THE SPIRIT









WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS --- I'M SORRY! DEEPLY SORRY!

WAIT, YOUNG MAN! I'M RATHER GLAD YOU DROPPED IN! GEORGE SHELVIN'S MY NAME -- DIRECTOR OF THIS SCHOOL---



YOU'RE A RATHER INTERESTING FACE---LOTS OF DYNAMIC ACTION! I THINK YOU OUGHT TO PLAY THE **LEAD** IN THIS FILM!

MAYBE I SHOULD DO IT, JUST TO SHOW ELLEN---BUT I'M NOT REALLY SUITED FOR THIS WORK!



THANKS, MR. SHELVIN, BUT I DOUBT IF I CAN! I HAVE A YOUNG FRIEND OUTSIDE, AND WE HAVE A SORT OF PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT!

HE MEANS ME! AH ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A SORT OF JUNIOR **ROCHESTER!** SCARLETT WOULD SWOON IF I WAS IN THE MOVIES!



QUITE SO, MY LITTLE MAN! YOU'D BE A REAL ASSET TO THE PICTURE! IF YOUR PARTNER HERE CONSENTS---

WELL, IF EBONY'S HEART IS SET ON IT, LET'S GET GRINDING!



ER--THERE'S A SLIGHT FORMALITY--- YOU MUST **ENROLL** IN THE SCHOOL! THERE'S A --ER-- FEE OF TWENTY DOLLARS EACH TO DEFRAY COST OF FILM, MAKE-UP, AND SO ON!

I'M GAME! HERE'S THE FEE FOR BOTH OF US!



ALL RIGHT, YOU'LL PLAY MURCATROND -- THE DEMON LOVER WHOSE VIOLENT CHARM CAPTIVATES THE HEROINE!

I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS! LET'S **REHEARSE!**







JONESY

By DIB

THE SPIRIT

At certain experimental greenhouses in Central City...

SURE, YOU'RE THE BOSS, DOVER-- BUT **MUST** WE MEET AT THIS PLACE?

WE MUST INDEED, CARPY!

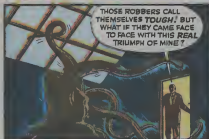
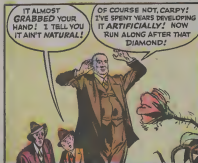
FEEDING THAT CREEPY THING AGAIN -- WITH RAW MEAT? IT GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

CONTROL YOURSELF, CARPY, AND LISTEN TO ORDERS!

WHAT I WANT IS THE WHITLOCK DIAMOND-- IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE! THE LADY'S ALONE TONIGHT, AND ---

LOOK OUT, DOVER!

The Spirit



YOU SAY YOU'VE CORNERED THEM? AND THEY KILLED A POLICEMAN? I'M COMING TO TAKE **PERSONAL COMMAND!**



KEEP EVERY EXIT COVERED! HEAVE THE TEAR-GAS BOMB IN THE WINDOW-- AND RUSH!



WAIT! IF THAT GAS DIDN'T BRING THEM OUT, THEY'RE **ALREADY GONE!**



C'MON OUT, CARPY! THOSE DUMB COPS DIDN'T THINK TO GUARD THE ROOF!

NO, THE COPS DIDN'T!



THAT DIAMOND WILL SCORCH YOUR HAND! FORK IT OVER!

THE SPIRIT!
I'LL SHOOT...



RUN, CARPY! I'VE GOT HIM!



The Spirit



YOW, CARPY!
HE'S HARD TO
SLUG!

YOU'VE
FOUND THAT
OUT!



CARPY! GET
TO THE GREENHOUSE--
TELL DOVER---



LOOK
OUT, MIST'
SPIRIT
BOSS!



IS
HE?

YES, EBONY--
DEAD! TAKE
THIS NOTE TO
DOLAN, THEN
FOLLOW
ME!



HE SAID
GREENHOUSE--
AND DOVER!
I CAN TRACE
THAT CLUE!

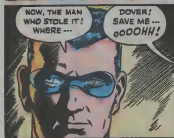


YOU
GOT IT,
CARPY?

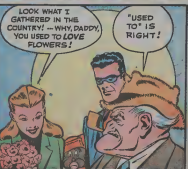
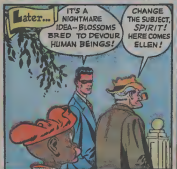
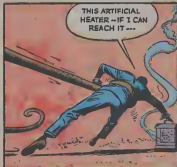
YES, BUT THE
COPS ALMOST GOT
ME! THE SPIRIT
WAS WITH 'EM!



The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit

JONES Y

By DIB



FLATFOOT BURNS

STAR
DETECTIVE

Crime Photo Exhibit

by AL STAHL



HMM-M!



A VERY INTERESTING
PHOTO EXHIBIT, FLATFOOT,
BUT WHAT HAS THAT TO
DO WITH CRIME?

I'LL ANSWER YOUR
IMPERTINENT QUESTION
WITH A DEMONSTRATION
OF MY TWO-LENS REFLEX
CRIME-SOLVING CAMERA!

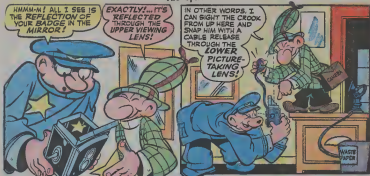


TWO LENSES? WHAT'S
THE SECOND ONE FOR?
--IN CASE ONE
PICTURE'S A
DUD?

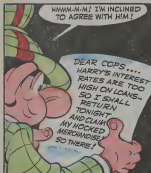
DON'T BE
NAIVE, CHIEF!
JUST
WATCH!



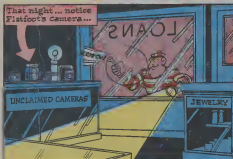
The Spirit

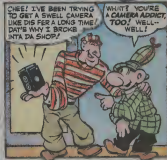
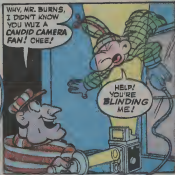
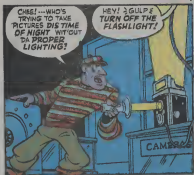


The Spirit



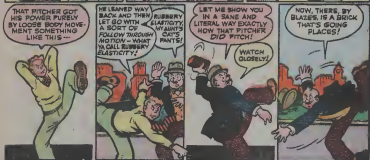
That night... notice Flatfoot's camera...





The Spirit

JONES Y



The Spirit

The MYSTERIOUS MANHOLE COVER

FOR a small colored boy with much of the imagination usually credited to that race, Ebony White had his feet pretty well on the ground. He was not easily frightened—even on dark Friday nights, when strange creatures are popularly believed to haunt even the most familiar surroundings.

Ebony wasn't certain that he believed in any such stuff; on the other hand he didn't jeer at superstitions, except maybe during a bright sunny day. But, on this particular night. . . It was a Friday night, not far from midnight. Ebony was on his way from the city to Wildwood Cemetery, secret abode of the Spirit, the elusive crime buster for whom the Negro lad worked.

It was a quiet evening, with a sprinkling of stars in the sky. The landscape below shimmered mistily in the moonlight.

As he neared the edge of Wildwood Cemetery, Ebony stopped and studied the expanse of tombstones and crypts. The cold stone looked frosty in the silvery light. A faint mist hung over part of the graveyard.

Ebony thought he felt small chilly hands massaging his spine. Then he shook himself, as if to free his thought of forebodings. That sort of thing would never do. There wasn't such a thing as a spook!

"Oo-oo-oo!"

The sound seemed like a long, drawn-out moan. It began softly, rose in pitch, then faded out, followed by a hollow echo.

Ebony shivered, and the kinky hair on his head stood straight up from his scalp.

"Who dat?" he said.

"Ooo-oo-oo!"

The moan came again. This time it sounded nearer. It was nearer! Ebony imagined that a cold breath was blowing on his face. Drops of sweat began to run down his black cheeks.

"Who dat?" he demanded, trying to sound brave. "Who dat, I say?"

There was no answer. But suddenly the mist over the graveyard dissolved and a small shape took form and began advancing toward Ebony. The boy's feet were frozen to the ground. He felt as if his whole body was sheathed in ice. His jaws wouldn't function. His eyes bulged as he watched the strange form approach.

The thing was white, almost shapeless, but there was something about it that suggested a man—fat, but very small in stature. The face—all Ebony could see of it—was just a white blob of nothingness.

And now from the terrible thing came a voice, the same sound that had made Ebony stop in his tracks:

"You, dark boy! Leave this cemetery at once and never come back! Tell the Spirit to go, too. Else you both die!"

Ebony blinked. Before he could bring his eyes back into focus, the thing had vanished into the mists which once again closed down over the graveyard.

Ebony moved. He moved fast. He moved so fast that he was past the cemetery before he knew it. As he was sprinting down the street, a hand snagged him by the arm, and a voice said:

"What's the hurry, Ebony?"

Ebony made an unintelligible sound and felt he was going to faint. His captor, the Spirit, still held him by the arm. The Spirit was grinning.

"Where's the fire, Ebony?" he asked. "I never saw a pair of legs move faster than yours were going a moment ago."

Now that his friend was here to protect him, Ebony found his voice.

"Look back there, by dat old mauso—mauso—you know what, Mistah Spirit!"

"All right, Ebony," said the Spirit, "get it out. What is back there?"

"An awful thing, Spirit, with an a-awful v-voice," stammered Ebony. "It said fer us to leave here right now an' never come back—else we'd bofe die!"

The Spirit grinned. "You been stealing pickles at the store again, Eb?" he asked.

"Nawair, Mistah Spirit." Ebony raised the palms of his hands in protest. "I ain't done et no pickles, not even one dis time! But dey's a ghost back there, all right!"

"Come on," said the Spirit, and he set off in the direction from which Ebony had come. The little darky held back a moment, then fell in behind his friend. He figured nothing could harm him so long as the Spirit was there!

When they reached the place indicated by Ebony, the Spirit got out his flashlight and began to search the ground. Finally he crouched down, and gave the trampled sod a minute examination.

"Hmms," he said at last. "Someone has been here, all right. But I never saw such small feet. Why, they aren't bigger than a year-old baby's!"

Meantime, Police Commissioner Dolan of Central City was having his hands full. The State

The Spirit

National Bank had been robbed that night. The culprits had entered through a sewer, cracked the vault, and escaped with a hundred thousand dollars.

Next morning the Spirit was seated in Dolan's office, listening to the details Dolan had gathered the night before.

"They didn't leave a single clue," the Commissioner said. "And I can't figure how anyone could squeeze through the sewer they entered by. Why, the pipe's not more than fifteen inches in diameter!"

The Spirit nodded. For once he was baffled. He knew the size of that sewer pipe. No adult could negotiate it. And few children could manage it either.

That night, while the city slept, another bank was robbed. This time the thieves entered through an air vent that was no larger than the sewer pipe. A large sum was stolen, but again there were no clues.

"What gets me," Dolan said to the Spirit, again at police headquarters the following morning, "is the fact that these slick crooks set off the burglar alarms just for fun, after they pull their jobs. In both cases they could easily have avoided the alarms."

The Spirit smiled. An idea was filtering through his brain. Yes, it seemed a logical notion. He rose and said to Dolan, "Well, I'm going back to Wildwood and see what I can scare up, Chief. I'll keep in touch with you. Better guard the other banks very carefully."

Dolan looked at his old friend with an inquisitive expression. "But why," he asked, "go back to the cemetery? You can't do anything there. It's here we need you!"

"I don't think so, Chief." The Spirit waved his hand. "Anyway," he said, "you'll be hearing from me soon."

The Spirit found Ebony waiting for him outside police headquarters. They set off together toward the cemetery.

Ebony didn't feel any too good about returning. He said, "We goin' back there, boss? You know what dat voice said about us dyin'!"

The Spirit chuckled. "Don't worry, Ebony," he said. "It wasn't a ghost. It was probably a very solid person who gave out that warning. You and I might have some fun finding him."

When they arrived at the old mausoleum, the Spirit searched until he found what he was looking for—an old manhole cover hidden by some bushes. It had recently been disturbed.

"Uh-huh!" he said, as he examined the rusty iron cover. "So that's it!"

"Dat what?" asked Ebony.

The Spirit didn't answer. He said to Ebony, "You tear back to Chief Dolan. Tell him to send several men out here immediately. I think we'll catch us a crook!"

After Ebony had gone, the Spirit went back to the old mausoleum. The huge lock was broken and the heavy iron door could be opened. He went in and looked the place over carefully. The mausoleum offered a perfect hiding place.

Later he met Dolan's men at the edge of the cemetery and gave them their instructions.

"Keep well hidden," he told them, "inside the crypt. Don't shoot to kill. In fact, a couple of you might just grab him when you see him. He won't give you much trouble. Just watch that manhole cover!"

After that, the Spirit hurried to the city sewage disposal headquarters and inquired about making some strange arrangements. Since his word carried a lot of weight around Central City, his request was approved.

"We'll do it, Spirit," the manager told him. "We'll have the whole system filled inside an hour."

"Good," said the Spirit. Then he went to Dolan's office and picked up the Commissioner. "Let's go back to the cemetery, Chief," he said. "You'll get a kick out of capturing a bank robber personally."

Dolan looked at him as if he thought he had gone whacky. "Capture him—in the cemetery?" he asked.

"Sure," grinned the Spirit. "Cemeteries are fine places to grab crooks. Just wait and see!"

When they arrived at the mausoleum there was no sign of Dolan's men. They were hidden inside the crypt. The Spirit and Dolan took a vantage point not far from the old stone building and within view of the manhole cover.

"Just keep your eyes peeled on that lid," the Spirit said. "Ah, look! There is a trickle of smoke coming from it already. The boys are carrying out their part of the scheme."

Dolan watched. The smoke grew thicker. Now it came out in a dense column, through the holes in the lid.

Suddenly the lid was lifted and a tiny man leaped out. He was dressed in a dirty white coverall suit. He carried a wrench and some other tools. He gazed around, and just at that moment two cops tackled him. He went down with a squeal of terror.

"Let's go," said the Spirit to Chief Dolan.

They surrounded the little man, who was an adult in facial appearance, but physically a midget of remarkably small size.

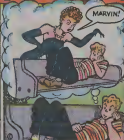
"It's Handy Hilburn, the cleverest midget crook in the underworld," the Spirit explained. "This is the first time I ever saw him, but I've heard a lot about his exploits. I suggest we have a chat with Handy about where he stashed the loot? Smoking him out was a good trick, eh?"

"I'll be a smoked herring," said Commissioner Dolan.

The Spirit

JONES Y

By D.D.



The SPIRIT



At the gate of the de luxe Trovelli estate...

JUST AS THE CHAUFFEUR SAID TO THE BUTLER -- MY GATE HOUSE HAS BEEN BLOWN UP! I'D LIKE TO SEE THE SCOUNDREL WHO DID IT!

YOU SEE ME RIGHT HERE, MR. TROVELL! HOW DO I LOOK?

CALL ME NITRO -- I'M **EXPLOSIVE!** I DID THAT AS A **SAMPLE** OF WHAT I'LL DO TO YOUR PLACE IF YOU DON'T PAY ME -- SHALL WE SAY **TEN GRAND?**

WHAT'S THIS? THREATS? BLACKMAIL? EXTORTION? OUT OF MY SIGHT, SIR!

I'LL TELEPHONE THE POLICE -- SEE THAT YOU LAND IN PRISON!

YOU'LL BE **SORRY!**

The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit

THAT'S A **SERIOUS** CRIME! STRIKING AN OFFICER OF THE LAW -- AND LOSING MY GUN IN THE BUSHES!

I ONLY JOGGLED THE GUN OUT OF YOUR HAND! SORRY!



COME BACK HERE -- AND LET GO THAT TREE BRANCH -- IT'S **TOWNSHIP PROPERTY!**



TOWNSHIP PROPERTY? OH, I DIDN'T KNOW!



HELP! SOMEBODY CALL A **CONSTABLE!**



I WENT WITH THE CONSTABLE TO GET HIM AWAY FROM HERE! WITH NO PEACE OFFICERS AROUND, YOUR BLASTER MAY COME --

HE ALREADY HAS! MADE **NEW** INSOLENT DEMANDS AND THREATS!



NOW HE'S GONE AGAIN -- AND SO HAS YOUR LITTLE SATELLITE!

EBONY? HE'S PROBABLY KEEPING NITRO IN SIGHT! HERE'S HIS TRAIL!



GOTTA MAKE **DEEP** TRACKS, SO MIST' SPIRIT BOSS CAN FOLLOW!

SOMEBODY'S ON MY HEELS! AND WALKING ON HIS **OWN!**



The Spirit



CURIOUS ABOUT MY METHODS, SONNY? WELL, HERE'S MY CONCUSSION BOMB!



THAT TRAIL HE'S MARKING SO DEEPLY WILL COME TO AN END RIGHT HERE! I'LL TAKE HIM WITH ME!



Minutes later, as the **SPiRiT** comes to the spot...

HERE'S WHERE THE TRAIL OF EBONY'S FOOTPRINTS COMES TO AN END!



THIS FAR AND NO FURTHER! WHAT IN ---?



If the **SPiRiT** doesn't know what happened to Ebony, we do -- and Ebony himself is just finding out!

WHUH! HOW LONG DID AH SLEEP?

JUST A FEW MINUTES! THOSE CONCUSSION BOMBS HAVE ONLY TEMPORARY EFFECTS!



HEY! TELL ME WHERE AH IS!

IN MY HIDEAWAY! NO ONE WILL LOOK FOR ME HERE -- TROYELL'S PRIVATE WOODS!

The Spirit

MY CONCUSSION BOMB KNOCKED YOU SILLY, AND I BROUGHT YOU HERE FOR A PURPOSE!

MY, OH, MY! I'LL BET IT'S FO' NO GOOD!



SEE THIS CANISTER! IT'S FULL OF MY MOST PERFECT EXPLOSIVE! I MIX DYNAMITE WITH IT TO TONE IT DOWN! YOU'LL WEAR IT AROUND YOUR NECK ---

NOSSUH! AH DON' CARE FO' THAT KIND O' JEWELRY!



SORRY, BUT YOU'RE NOT GIVING THE ORDERS! YOU'LL WEAR IT --- AND GET INTO---

INTO WHAT? AH'M ALREADY INTO THIS MESS TOO FAR!



INTO THIS! A VERY SMALL CHARGE WILL SHOOT YOU CLEAR INTO TROVELL'S FRONT YARD---

BUT AH'M NOT TRAINED FO' SUCH A FANCY STUNT!



YOU NEED NO TRAINING! FOR THE EXPLOSIVE YOU CARRY WILL BLOW YOU TO BITS --- AS A FINAL WARNING TO TROVELL!

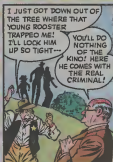
I HOPE YOU'RE COMMITTING THIS TO MEMORY, EBONY! IT'LL BE FIRST-CLASS EVIDENCE WHEN WE DRAG HIM INTO COURT!



WHEN NITRO CARRIED YOU HERE, EBONY, THE EXTRA WEIGHT MADE HIS FOOTPRINTS AS GOOD A TRAIL AS YOURS!

SNOOPING INTO MY SECRETS? HERE'S A SECRET THAT WILL ---





WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER
AND STOPS
QUICKER!



If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life—Dependable performance—
Fewer parts—Easy to put together and
take apart—Sealed against dirt and water.

LOOK
for the
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"ROUNDING UP
THE RUSTLERS"



WHILE
VACATIONING
OUT WEST,
DEPUTY U.S.
ROYAL AND
THE BOYS OF
THE ELM CITY
BIKE CLUB
ARE ENJOYING
THE SIGHTS,
WHEN
SUDDENLY...

SAY, ROYAL,
WHO'S KICKING UP
ALL THAT DUST
DOWN THERE IN
THE VALLEY?

RUSTLERS! AND
THE POSSES
NOT FAR BEHIND!



AND AS ROYAL WATCHES THE CHASE THROUGH
HIS GLASSES, HE SEES...

GOOD! THE
POSSE CAN'T
FIGURE WHICH
WAY WE WENT!

WELL, KEEP RIDIN'...
WE AIN'T SAFE TILL
WE GET THROUGH THE
GORGE UP AHEAD...



FELLAS, YOU TWO BIKE DOWN AND
TELL THE POSSE TO HEAD FOR THE
GORGE... I'LL HAVE A NICE SURPRISE
THERE WAITING FOR THEM.



NOW IF I CAN JUST
GET TO THE TOP
OF THAT GORGE
BEFORE THOSE
CATTLE-THIEVES
GET TO THE
BOTTOM!



I MADE IT! THESE
ROCKS WILL FORCE THEM
TO TURN BACK... RIGHT
INTO THE HANDS OF
THE POSSE!



BOYS, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE
PUT AN END TO THIS RUSTLIN'
RACKET... THAT WAS MIGHTY
FAST WORK ON YOUR PART!

YOU MEAN MIGHTY
FAST BIKING...
THANKS TO OUR U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



FELLAS, SPEED AND SAFETY ARE REALLY
"BUILT INTO" U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--
WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN.



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF FIRM FOOTING...
SAFE, QUICK STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE...
PERFECT CONTROL-- BE SURE TO GET U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT SPECIAL BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN MAKES THEM TOPS IN TIRES.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science